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THE STUDENT

Sri T. E. V. Sarma — Managing Editor

AS LONG AS I LIVE; SO LONG DO I LEARN : : : SRI RAMAKRISHNA

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A PRAYER

He, Who is the giver of spiritual knowledge and giver of strength, Whom, the world worships Whose command all learned men obey, Whose shelter is immortality, Whose shadow is death, — He it is to Whom we shall offer our prayers.

Rig Veda.

FROM THE WATCH TOWER.

BY SRI K. VAIDYANATHAN M.A., TIRUPATI.

Dear Students,

What a precious truth is imbedded in Shakespeare's saying "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar."

Familiarity is the soul of politeness or courtesy. To feel strange and feign indifference are not the quality of good life. As the great book of books says, 'Man is created in his image.' You have to pause and know its meaning. The truth flashes and you read therein that you have a common heritage, common source of inspiration and common endowments of head and heart. Hence you must feel like one, think like one and do like one. This oneness or identity of interest is often known as Familiarity.

Familiarity is like a fair flower of a beautiful perfume and colour. Just as 'Rose is yet a rose without its name' even without knowing each other's name, one can be on familiar terms witn the other. It is the colour of the face and perfume of the soul that matter much and not the 'external vestment' as Carlyle would have it. The flush in the cheek, the light and radiance in the eye, bespeaking love in strong and invincible terms, the polite and courteous behaviour are worth a Kingdom and more. A familiar tone or voice opens our heart and we instantly get relieved. Hence familiarity is a priceless wealth of humanity and so the poet gently puts "Be thou familiar."

Again there is a danger in the exercise of that inestimable virtue beyond the limits of reason. As in well-known Tamil proverb "Even the milk by injudicious and constant use will taste sour." We must not indulge in familiarity to excess. You know the corresponding English proverb "Familiarity breeds contempt." The so called contempt is the outcome not of

genuine familiarity but of false, tasteless, selfish and brutal familiarity. Be careful therefore, as you would in handling a rose or jasmine in your familiarity with all.

If you read Familiarity upside down it is vulgarity. Hence the prince of poets Shakespeare wants you to read it aright. He sternly warns you against using the sacred flower of familiarity for your selfish ends. Leave the flower alone; carry its message in your heart of hearts.

THE DUTIFUL SERVANT.

BY SRI K. KRISHNAMACHARY B.A., L.T.

So'bha'vati was the capital of King Su'draka, who ruled over a large part of the country in the North. He gradually extended his empire to the South, and was virtually the only master of the whole country. His Queen was Somaprabha. One day, a poor Brahmana, named Viravara, came to seek service under him He was a skilful swordsman, and demanded Rs. 500 per month. On looking at him, the King was convinced of his honesty, and agreed to take him into his service. But he could not understand why he demanded so high a salary as Rs. 500 for his services. His family consisted only of a wife, a son and a daughter, besides himself; and the King wondered if such a small family needed so much for its maintenance. He engaged a few spies to ascertain the truth. They reported that out of the Rs. 500 he spent Rs. 200 on the worship of Hari and Maheswara; another Rs. 200 was spent in charities among the poor and the needy; the remaining 100 Rs. was all that was spent on the family proper. When he heard this, the King exclaimed. "I can now realise that there are gems worth the whole earth."

Day in and day out. Viravara was at his post. No one knew when he would attend to his personal wants. He would always answer the King's call "who is there?" One dark night

it was raining cats and dogs. In the early part of the night, Sudraka called out. "Who is there?" "Here am I. What's the pleasure of Your Majesty?" answered Viravara. Late in the night, the King called again; and again he heard the answer of his faithful servant. Just then, there were heard some sounds of lamentations. The King asked Viravara to go and ascertain what it was.

Off went the servant, sword in hand, following the direction of the sounds. The King followed him, at some distance behind, without his knowledge. He was burning with curiosity to test his dutiful servant, still further. Without minding the torrents of rain, Viravara walked with rapid steps, and finally came to a tank. The sounds of lamentations appeared to come from the waters. He folded his palms and cried out. "Who is there that weeps at this part of the night? And Why?" There came a distant answer. "I am the eldest wife of King Sudraka. My sons call me Mother Earth. In three day's time my lord will give up his earthly body, and will ascend to Heaven. I have not had sufficient rest on his arms, and I am now lamenting the impending separation from my lord." "Is there no way of saving my lord?" imploringly queried Viravara. "Yes, there is one way" replied the Earth, "but too hard to follow. If you can sacrifice your dear son Saktivara, and propitiate Chandika, my lord lives for a hundred years more." He thanked her, and without a moment's hesitation, returned home. He woke up his wife and told her of the grief of Mother Earth, and of the only way to help her out of it. The wife was glad that her son would justify his existence, by such a sacrifice for the sake of their master. When the boy and the girl woke up, the news was conveyed to them. Saktivara felt delighted in his unique fortune in having to lay down his life to save the King's and urged on the father to carry out the sacrifice without further loss of time.

Viravara took up the boy on his shoulders and walked to the temple of Chandika, followed by his wife and daughter. There, he prayed to the goddess to grant a life of one hundred more years to the King, being pleased with the offer of his child's head. The prayer over, Saktivara was sacrificed. Seeing her brother's head cut off, Viravara's young daughter dropped down dead. His wife followed them. With a heart full of pleasure at so much of sacrifice, Viravara offered his head too to the Goddess, to further prolong the life of his master.

King Sudraka, who was an eye witness to such selfless devotion and sacrifice, felt his life painfully miserable in the absence of such a noble band of servants. He prayed to the Goddess to bring the stainless four to life again. When there was no sign of his prayers being answered, he ventured to offer his own head. Hardly had the blade of his sword touched his neck, when the voice of the Goddess was heard advising him to stop. She granted his prayers and said that the whole family of his dutiful servant would come back to life. Thanking the Goddess for her infinite mercy, the King returned home and narrated his wonderful experience to his queen Somaprabha.

With a blessing of the Goddess, Viravara and his little family rose up as from sleep and walked home in great pleasure. Leaving his wife and children there, the faithful servant returned to his post. When questioned by the King about the mysterious sounds of lamentations, he said that he could not see the person and that it was probably an invisible Rakshasi. The King admired him for his modesty, and sent him away for the time.

The next day he summoned his ministers and gave them a glowing account of Viravara's deeds overnight. As a reward for his selfless devotion to service he gave him the country of Lata proclaiming him as the ruler thereof. As for his wonderful son Saktivara he was made the King of Dakshinapatha, all the then habitable country south of the Narmada.

SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE.

BY SRI R. N. KINI M. A.

Wherever one turns in our vast country one does not fail to come across temples built on the top-most peaks of hills or in the midst of ranges of mountains with exquisite arrangements for bath, cooking and resting for pilgrims. The spots seem to the observant eye to have been carefully selected so that people visiting the shrines may ravel in natural scenery, and more perhaps meditate on the Unseen and the Unseeable. Pilgrimages to these centres must have been prescribed with the intent of giving a healthful exercise to the weakened constitutions for it is generally held that no vehicles should be used to reach these places of worship but that people should ascend the heights by their own bodily labour. The spirit of adventure was ingrained in our ancestors. Nay, even more. They provided for their descendants too. They wanted that generations coming after them should keep up the spirit. That is why they constructed the concerned buildings so strong and true.

Scouting as is known now might not have existed then. But what of that? Those men and women who worked assiduously at founding these shrines certainly had unlimited scout spirit. Adventure was their especial virtue. Love of Nature was their peculiar trait. Admiration for things of beauty in the wide world was their strongest characteristic. Meditation and communion were their pastimes at once serious and delightful. All this may not be termed actual scouting. It was doubtless adventure, and adventure is the core and spirit of scouting.

How do we utilise this vast heritage? Do we benefit by it to the maximum extent? One fears not. Many of these spots are uncared for to-day. Those that are frequented are in a wretched state. The beautifully built ponds are overgrown with weeds. In the same pond, people wash clothes, take bath, cleanse vessels, wash animals and do a number of other acts

which make the water most unhealthy for human consumption. Yet people drink the same water. It is usual for local people to extol the medicinal properties of most of these water Such is the sacrilege practised by us, that these waters have become disease mixtures. Pilgrims do not return home hale and healthy.

Beyond worshipping the diety after taking their bath in the temple ponds, few devotees enjoy natural scenery. Much less do they get into the adjoining woods and explore God's creation. The spirit of adventure which once characterised our forefathers is greatly at a discount. Shall we revive the traditions ?

Students can help a good deal in this sacred work. When they visit these shrines during their outing camps, they must do good turns by removing the herbs over-growing the temples and tank bunds. They might even cleanse the water. They must carry on a propaganda with the visitors that the sacred waters must not be polluted and should be used only for human consumption

Students must explore surrounding tracts and make maps and publish them in the journals. Geography and Nature Study are conducted in the class-rooms under the most artificial conditions. Amongst the hills and dales and fields and forests there is a vast store of material for practical and therefore genuine study. Climatic differences, constitution of soils and rocks, influence of physiographical conditions on human life, courses of rivers and streams and formation of tanks and reservoirs can best be studied there. A spirit of adventure must be assiduously fostered. Teachers can do much in this direction. Parents who go on pilgrimages with their children have a duty to perform with the latter. They spend vast amounts of money on these occasions. They can easily devote a portion of the expenditure on the training of their children They must afford them opportunities to climb hills, study plants and animals, wade through streams and rivulets and do everything that would enable them to observe and to ponder over the wonders of Nature. A spirit of enquiry, exploration and adventure plays a momentous part in success in life to-day. It is therefore the duty of every person to ensure that it is fostered in the youth of the land.

GARLAND FOR THE STATUE.

BY SRI M. S. SESHADRI, STUDENT.

Of all the princes of Aryavarta, who were reigning at the end of the twelfth century, the most powerful were Prithviraj, King of Delhi and Jaychandra, King of Kanouj. As both the kings laid claim to the over-lordship, there existed a persistent jealously between them.

To assert his supremacy, Jaychandra, King of Kanouj, determined to perform the ancient Rajasuya ceremony, in which the tributary kings had to discharge some menial offices.

* * *

Magnificent preparations were made to celebrate the ompous sacrifice. Every king of Northern India was invited to come to the famous pageant which was to conclude with the Swayamvara of the Raja's only daughter, Samyukta, who would choose a husband among the princes assembled. Prithviraj was invited to keep the door but the proud chieftain did not accept the disgraceful invitation. Thereupon Jaychandra set up a golden image to represent the King of Delhi as a door-keeper. Prithviraj in fury and anger, resolved to avenge himself.

In earlier times, heroic princes bore away by force the maidens at a Swayamvara from the hall in the presence of a the Kings assembled. Prithviraj thought of carrying out this practice in actual deed and found that, on the success, his double motive would be fulfilled—love and revenge.

After the performance of the Rajasuya ceremony, Samyukta came with a garland of flowers in her hand to select her husband from the assembled princes of India. But she, caring for none of them, went directly to the gate and threw the marriage garland round the neck of the statue of Prithviraj, by the fame of whose chivalry she had been attracted. Prithviraj, who had been close at hand, in disguise,

at once appeared on the scene, swung the bride on to his horse and carried her off to his capital. Jaychandra marched with a huge army against Delhi and a desperate battle was fought in which Prithviraj was victorious. Thus he kept his prize; but he had to suffer for his quarrel afterwards at the hands of Muhammad Gori.

THE STREET DOG.

1. Lo! up he springs and sniffs along
The ground to find the dining spot.
Ere he's gone through the street so long,
There many dogs have barking got.

2. See, there he runs reckless and gay,
The remains of all the leaves to eat.
Although in pleasant sleep he lay,
He heard the barking in the street.

3. He bites the dogs with fury great,
Attacking each and ev'ry one:
And barking all of them debate,
'By whom the dinner shall be won?'

4. All thro' the street their barking rings,
Arousing all the little boys.
And ev'ry boy some pebbles brings
To stone the dogs that make such noise.

5. Then loudly shrieking run the dogs,
With parche'd throats, and sweating tongues,
And broken legs. Some bolder dogs
Pursue the boys with breathless lungs.

6. The reckless dog has won the fight;
He eats with joy the frugal food.
He feels not hungry till the night,
When food he gets from persons good.

OUR "BUNGALOW."

BY SRI M. R. RAJAGOPALAN, STUDENT.

"Our bungalow" in its own beauty stands, in the western part of the town, whose view from afar would inspire the attention of the (spectator) visitor. It stands, at a level a little below the town. Round "Our Bungalow", stands in white stone a compound wall of a man's height When I lounge in my couch and look around me, I would have a fine view. In front of the Bungalow, is a fine avenue a furlong long. In the evenings, couples young and old pass their time lively through it. Childern with their nurses and masters with their dogs pass through it, in the singing evening breeze. Just beyond it lies the fine large Maidan where students with their sporting materials, have their game. Old people chat about the day's news. The whole scenery would inspire the spectator. A little south to the Bungalow, is a big tank where in winter water would be up to the brim and flow, but in summer it'll become dry and sink below.

In our compound, stand lofty trees with fragrant flowers and delicious fruits. The whole ground would be green-shod with grass soft as cushion. Monkeys with their babies clinging to their breasts, goats with their kids bleating behind and cows with their calves suckling their mother's udder, would graze the grassy pasture, in the day. I would see from my lounge, monkeys chattering and gibbering, jumping and leaping, and showing all sorts of acrobatic feats. At times party feelings would arise within them and they would boycott one monkey from their society with shrieks and shrills! Behold, Boycott among monkeys. This is one among the many sights in the compound.

In front of the building, varieties of crotons and other flower bearing plants, enchant the eyes. The buds blossom and there the fragrant aroma mix with the air and make the

atmosphere sweet. There are many Bungalows in this place but ours has got some special features, peculiar to it. This is strongly built and thatched all over. It stands in its rural simplicity and rural grandeur. It is a Bungalow with a portico in the front, the sides of which are tinted in florid design and the roof covered with creepers in pink and blue.

"Our Bungalow" is simple and strong, plain and grand and healthy and cool. It is indeed a spacious building having a fine hall at the centre, and two side rooms, with a bath room to each. There are varandahs long and wide along either side. The flooring in the interior is decorated with a marble pavement. In the portico is placed a round table with five chairs around and three lounges behind. Two high stools stand at the entrance bearing two designed flower vases holding flowers of different colours. One evening my friend came to my Bungalow and I entertained him fittingly. Conversing on various subjects, we moved from our lounges and began to inspect the inside of the house. Just at the entrance we found a big portrait of Lord Krishna, over the door, photos of family members and those of the incarnations of God, arranged in order. Amidst these is kept in view a large mirror. On the side walls are fixed shelves holding books of law and of surgery. The side rooms are for other purposes, one for bed room and the other stores. I hold my studio at the right end of the varandah, by folding three bamboo 'Tatties' to cover the sides, and make a doorway through "Tatty".

Often guests would come and lie down on the mattress on the varandah. The melodious wind blowing gently would lull them to sleep. The trees around protect us from the sun and the thatched roof makes the Bungalow cool in summer and warm in winter. Here I pass my time in delight with my small garden, miniature zoo and in the midst of beautious nature.

O! Here stands "Our" 'Bungalow" within her white compound, amidst all bustle and hustle under the shady trees.

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AN ESSAY ON 'MYSELF'

SELF-PORTRAITS BY SMALL BOYS.

At an examination in England some small boys were set to write an essay on "Myself." These were the results :—

James wrote, "I think about myself that I look very nice in appearance..." but John said "I think about myself that I am not very good looking." Gerald thought his appearance "just ordinary," and Thomas said, "I am told that I am not bad looking nor very good looking" while Arthur stated, "I do not think I look nice at all." Roger, after taking a critical peep into his mental mirror, wrote. "I think my appearance is not as good as it might be." With these exceptions, Gerald's opinion that he is "just ordinary" was the opinion of his nine-year-old classmates about themselves.

It is interesting to note in these essays on "Myself"—a subject which surely would not have been permitted for children in olden days—that each child regards his appearance as the most important part of his make up.

THE INNER LIFE.

Having introduced the reader to their exteriors, the boys took a look inwards and wrote about what they ought to find there. Only Roger described exactly what he found.

"In talking about my character, I am bad and always willing to fight anyone at any time. I am not obedient at home when asked to go errands for my mother, but always want to go out to play.

The only thing I like to do is to go errands for money.

I am very selfish to my pals when I have some money or toffee. I do not like people who ask me to go errands with them. I like to go and play football rather than do what they ask."

How different an estimate James has of his own character—the little lad who thinks he looks "very nice in appearance":—

. . "When I go to market," he wrote in a clear, round hand, "I generally help old people to carry their baskets of fruit which they have for their Sunday's tea or some other meal. When I see an old lady going for half a hundred weight of coal I generally ask for her if I should go for it, take the wagon back and the man gives me the change. I take it back to the lady very honestly, but she was going to give me a penny, but I would not take it, so she said 'Thank you very much for bringing the coal.' When the lady said 'Thank you' I said 'Much obliged,' and I went home cheerful.

"I am unselfish with my toffee and many other things, because it is not nice to be selfish."

After giving a list of his favourite fruits, Gerald wrote. "The people I like are all those who do not offend me...I am selfish to me."

There is apparently a knightly string in Arthur's character:–

"I soon get my temper up" he wrote "if I see some-one bullying a girl or a dumb animal. I do not like to see any one lock out the cat or dog at nights because it is cruel and the poor animil cannot speak, and I do not like to see people neglect their animals or fowls, because they soon die if you do not feed them..."

HONEST AND CHEERY.

Thomas gave an illustration, of his honesty :—

"Yesterday evening about 5-30 my mother went shopping, and when she came back a plate had been broken. She of course, asked us who had broken the plate, and I told her I had broken it and she told me I was very honest. Play-friends tell me I am the most cheery boy amongst them."

Normally the child is not introspective, and when he writes an eassay on himself he is merely telling his teacher what he has heard his parents and friends say about him. That he believes himself to be honest, clean, willing, unselfish,

and cheerful is all to the good. It is better to stress a child's virtues than his faults for the average child will try to live up to a good reputation, but it is only one with much strength of character who is able to win through the odium of a bad name. *(Selected)*

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THE DETECTIVE MAGICIAN.

By Sri Pundalik Shenoi, B.A., L.T.

1. In a certain Indian village once
A clever Zamindar did live;
His land a scene of murder was—
No clue of crime could any give.

2. On one of Zamindar's own men
Did very strong suspicion rest:
A band of officers from town
Then set about their task of 'quest.

3. Thereon the Zamindar went up
To the chief officer and spake.
"I pray you, sir, to stop your task—
A simple way of search I'll make."

4. The officer did grant consent—
In a day or two, rumour apace
Began to spread: "A magician
Is called the murderer to trace.

5. "Tis said he hails from Malabar,
And must be an adept, no doubt;
For, to his credit great he has
Full many murders old brought out."

6. None but our clever Zamindar
Was cause of all this rumour wild;
He knew that magic was a thing,
By which poor folk could be beguiled.

7. The rumoured man of magic came—
The news soon through the village ran.
(But by the way may it be said.
He was disguised and no new man!)

8. Our Zamindar announced, "This man
Will bring the culprit now to book:"
A thrill of fear ran through their veins
At the magician's searching look.

9. Anon all folk were ranged, and each
Given a little rice well ground,
To chew into a pulp and place
On a plantain leaf, when a bell did sound

10. Time's up! all had their pulps placed out
But one—his throat was almost choked.
His jaws were forced apart, and lo!
The pounded rice was hardly soaked.

11. "Behold the culprit!" cried our man;
"His guilt consumed his heart like past,
Fear stopped the salivary flow,
And thus he failed to stand the test."

12. Like a mouse in trap, the culprit quaked;
He owned his crime with open heart,
And to the nearest jail was sent—
Then all admired our hero's art.

A LETTER ON COMMUNITY PROJECTS

By Sri D. Krishnayya, Teacher, Hindupur.

9/246 Satyanarayanapeta,
HINDUPUR,
23rd Jan. '53.

My Dear Parthasarathi,

You are asking me over and again to tel you something about the *Community Projects* and in the first instance, I invite your very kind attention to page 102 of *The Student* Chingleput (January 1953), item number two under news & notes wherein it is very clearly said that S. S. L. C. passed candidates are eligible to apply for posts of Social Education organisers in the various community projects after proper training. For details and application forms you have to apply to the Special Officer, Community Projects, Government of Madras, Fort. St. George, Madras.

From the above, I am sure that you can very clearly understand that the Community Project is a special subject of our popular Government and is managed by Special Officers who have received some intensive training at Delhi quite recently. I may also tell you for your kind information that the Government of Madras invited applications from Graduates and others of high educational qualifications very recent y for the selection of these Special Officers for training. A collegue of mine — a B. A., B. Ed, with Economics & History in B. A. and Geography in B.Ed., who had applied for the post and who was also granted an interview on the 29th December '52 tells us that over seven hundred applicants answered the call of the Government and only about seventy applicants were given the interview and for the selection of about nine applicants for this special training course. Believe me that my collegue has done some solid service in the social service section of national reconstruction and still longingly hopes each minute to be selected. Let me also tell

you that he is a teacher in charge of Social Studies and citizenship classes being a citizenship trained teacher. He tells us that some lady graduates had come for this interview and selection. I am writing you all this to tell you how very important this community project is as it is the only project by which there can be national reconstruction. I may simply style this as: "all in one and one in all." There is not a subject which cannot come under this very broad heading "the community project."

Ours is a country of villages as you quite well know from geography and this community project entirely aims at rural reconstruction by which we can have national reconstruction. If you wish to learn a little more about this rural-welfare aspect of life, I invite you to my little article on "childrens' libraries," in the Special Education Week number of the South Indian Teacher—Nov. 1950.

Certainly, by this Project alone we have the ray of hope of revitalising the rural area. In one word—this is an outcome of the "Sarvodaya Scheme" of the Father of our Nation—Gandhiji. It is earnestly hoped that by this Scheme our country erelong will be overflowing with plenty, peace and contentment of life.

I may illustrate you the Divine glory of this subject but it is getting late for my School, and so let me conclude this for the day.

Yours faithfully,
D. R. KITTI.

TO

Sri M. N. PARTHASARATHI,
S. S. L. C. (F) Section,
Hindu Theological High School, MADRAS. I.

S. S. L. C. ENGLISH : QUESTIONS & ANSWERS.

BY SRI R. C. MUDALIAR B. A., L. T., SIRKALI.

I. Describe briefly how the priest was taught to do his duty by the Blessed Vision ? (A Page)

It was midday, A certain pious monk was absorbed in deep prayer all alone. He was completely penitent. He also yearned to have strength of mind to overcome temptations and weaknesses.

Suddenly his chamber became illuminated as if by divine light. Lo! a Vision appeared. It was no other than Jesus Christ himself. He looked like that human form doing human work of healing and preaching in the streets of Galilee in bygone days. The pastor became wonder struck and awe inspired. He felt overjoyed at the presence of the Lord in answer to his humble imploring. He Adored the Vision.

At the moment of his rapturous exaltation, the convent bell announced the monk's daily duty of doling of food to hungry and destitute beggars, he being their Almoner. His heart wavered due to conflict of inner ideas. He feared to go away from the Blessed Vision. If he did, the Vision would flee away. Then if he failed to do his duty, it would be a sin. After a few moments of hesitation, his good conscience prevailed upon him to do his duty first.

Straightway he made his way to the doorway of chapel to help the helpless, though with his longing look centred upon the Blessed Vision. That day the poor folk felt as if the gate of heaven was opened and were fed with sacred bread and wine. Just then also the inner voice of the monk seemed to whisper into his ears that what ever was done to the lowliest and the needy was really done to God Himself

Satisfied thus, he returned to his cell. To his greatest wonder, he saw the Vision still standing resplendant, as if awaiting the return of the monk. He was dumb-founded. His

ecstasy knew no bounds. He realized how much and why he was blessed by Jesus in revealing to him. He heard the Vision say to him, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!" He understood his purpose in life

(Moral)

What little is done to the least of the brethren is surely equal to that done to God Himself. (or) There is no better worship of God than serving the lowliest of humanity.

II. Briefly write an account of the incorceration of George Fox (a Page)

George fox was the founder of the society called "Friends" or the quakers. He had about forty followers. He taught the people to act by their respective inner light. He wished all to practise Bible teachings. He advised people not to quarrel and fight but to be non-violent. He was never tired of touring villages and towns to propagate his new faith. He was one who condemned 'hat worship', even to the king. He strictly practised what he preached.

However, he and his followers had to undergo severe hardships as the country was plunged in a dreadful Civil war. Anyway, in the teeth of opposition he patiently pursued his object. During meetings, he would be pelted with stones or rotten eggs, howled and hissed or even beaten black and blue. Once, he was roughly handled by enemies and thrown into a ditch in a swoon. After reeovering his senses he did not complain but bore those insults and sufferings patiently.

After some time, he tried to enter Derby church and preach his new ideals. He used to call the church 'steeple house' because of the lack of sincerity and purity on the part of church-goers. Immediately he was arrested and put in jail after a prolonged trial. The magistrates also were merciless. The treatment in the jail was intolerable. His cell was dirty and dingy and very crowded. He was ill-fed and ill-cared-for.

There also his human heart was kindled. He tried to help prisoners. By his timely petition for mercy he stopped the hanging of a young girl prisoner. A little later even his own jailer turned his follower on account of his dream of finding Fox along with God on the day of Judgment.

III. Wrtte briefly, in not more than a page, an account of the quarrel among the paper, the wood and the coal in the Grate.

There arose once a bitter dispute among the component parts of the fire in the Grate. The paper, really a bit of newspaper, spoke boastfully that it was best looking. It had high connections with intellectual circles and also it was a brother of a novel and a cousin of respectable poem.

But the wood intervened and ridiculed the paper as flimsy and useless. It had sylvan beauty before it came into the world. Any how, it was the very back-bone of a country as it had the repute of adorning the walls of England.

Just then the coal poked its nose and argued that it knew better as it was underground for long years. Besides, it had a definite value as people tried to get it out of earth with trouble. It was indeed the mainstay of a nation's prosperity and strength.

On hearing such proud and pompous arguments of the paper, the wood and the coal, the Grate laughed at their foolishness in thinking that each was useful individually. The fact was that none could get on without the other.

At any rate the truth was clear when the house-maid began to make fire The instant she put a match to the paper, it flared up and burnt. Next the wood caught fire and was burnt crackling and glowing. Then it was the turn of the coal to catch fire and reduced to cinders soon.

Then the Grate explained that none could live for selfish ends but for common good. All had some special purpose to perform irrespective of results. Thus the happiness of the world rests, not upon individual contribution, but upon collective one.

IV. Para Questions:

(1) Justify the title, "the letter"

The title, "the letter", brings out the main idea of the story. Coachman Ali awaited a letter from his dear daughter Miniam who was married and went away to a distant place for a long period of five years. He was laughed at by the postal officials. At length he truly got a letter which was placed on his grave, thanks to Lakshimi Das, a clerk who was paid five pounds by Ali. The same case happened to the post-master himself. He realised the true worth of a human letter and the true anxiety of Ali, the so called Mad cap.

(2) What sort of people were the Red Indians of Pennsylvania?

Tho Red Indians were the native population of America. They were merry and happy people. They were skillful hunters. Some were fishing folk. They lived in tribes. Often they would quarrel but very soon they would become friendly. Their dress would be made of deer skin and eagles' feathers. They were pious and they worshippsd the Great Spirit. They hated the white men. But thanks to Sachem, their leader, Penn won them over by telling them that all were created by God and they must live in peace and brother-hood

(3) How was Moore buried?

Sir John Moore died a heroic death at the battle of Corunna. The brother soldiers honoured the dead soldier by giving a simple and sacred burial. There were no military honours nor pompous ceremonies. Though the burial was done quickly, in the night, lest the enemies should distrub them, it was marked by deep devotion of the soldiers to a dead commander. They took pride and pleasure in having interred the right man in the right place, at the right time and in the right manner.

(4) Bring out the main ideas and beauties of the poem "Bangle Sellers".

Sorojini Naidu describes the loads of the bangle-sellers in a charming and facile manner, usual with her. She says that the bangles are lustrous tokens of radiant lives of happy female folk, both young and old. Some, of silver and blue colour and of glorious red and green lustre are meet for maidens. The bangle-sellers seem to have ready stock, of yellowish and velvet hues fit for brides, as charming as bridal laughter or tears. Plenty of purple and gold flecked grey ones useful for house wives are also available. Though the theme is a simple one, it has been woven into a graceful lyric by the poetess, in real aspects of Indian life.

V. **Give the meaning of the following in one or two sentences for each :**

(a) Some are flushed . . . . Stream.

Bangles suitable for maiden's wrist of bluish silvery colour look like buds that reflect in the calm running water through a small stream that flows through a silent cluster of trees.

(b) if there breathe . . . . brave ?

None in any part of the world can be said to be free and heroic unless and until they boldly step forward to try all means to liberate their downtrodden brethren.

(c) Grown familiar . . . . die.

The crowd of beggars that gather at the chapel's gate daily by midday for doles of food are treated somewhat slightingly because of the fact that they come often to receive a morsel of food to save themselves from death. Thus the beggars were eager to get food on account of their miseries. These lines suggest the irony of the poet.

(d) What is in my mind not on my flesh . . . I prize.

The poet stresses that we should act according to the dictates

of our conscience careless of other's' opinion, good or bad—everyone should prize only moral and mental strength but not the physical and earthly pomp and power.

(f) His light flame seemed heavy as a mass of lead.

The unexpected missing of the parents, in spite of the latter's inability to satisfy the longings of the tender child, made the child become panic-stricken and confused. He was overwhelmed with deep sorrow that his lively body became stiff and still.

VI. Complete the following sentences :

(i) The prince ultimately won the battle . . . . . .

(ii) The postmaster was able to understand Ali's feeling only when . . . .

(iii) The Lost child could not be passified by the stranger . . . .

(iv) The old chief died not a brute, but a master on account of its . . . .

(v) To a large extent the prices of things are determined by . . . .

(vi) Doctors are like soldiers because . . . .

(vii) The work of modern doctors are more concerned about . . . . :

(viii) Inspite of having freedom, some are slaves if . . .

ANSWERS

(i) by making the best use of his opportunity.

(ii) he failed to receive a letter from his sickly daughter for a day and his anxiety over it for a single night.

(iii) due to its inherent parental affection.

(iv) nobility in realising its blunder and understanding rightly the advise of young sirdar.

(v) supply and demand.

(vi) they give up even their lives in making researches for fighting diseases.

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(vii) preventing illness and lessening pain than actual curing diseases.

(viii) they do not boldly and fearlessly expose the cause of the depressed and the opressed one.

VII. Re-write as directed :

(a) Change the voice of verbs.

(i) He knew he could easily make up what time he had lost by running when he left the old man.

Ans : It was known to him what time had been lost by running, when the old man was left by him, could easily be made up by him.

(ii) Did you ever wonder how a shopkeeper finds the prices of the things he sells ?

Ans : Was it ever wondered by youowh the prices of the things which are sold by him are fixed by a shopkeeper's.

(iii) The Magistrates were told . . . . him.

Ans: Some told the magistrates that scandalous things had been said by him for nine long hours he was questioned by them.

(iv) He was then told them.

Ans : They were then told by him what some wrote in the roll of Parchment which was held under his arm by him.

(or)

What was written in the roll of parchment which was held by him under his arm was then told them by him.

(b) change into Indirect form :

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The Grate remarked that none of them could get on without the other. It added that he was not even a fire yet, besides. The other three cried in surprise that it was not a fire. They also exclaimed what on earth it could mean. The Grate replied that they should wait and see.